

HAPPENINGS in the CITIES

Policeman Binks of Chicago Makes First Arrest

CHICAGO.—Policeman Binks was patrolling his beat in the vicinity of 5509 Lake Park avenue. Policeman Binks has a record for sobriety, for immaculateness of attire and for keeping his beat clear of offenses. Only recently he was presented by George Braham with a brand new uniform, cap, two silver bars to indicate the length of his service, and a baton.



While it is quite contrary to police regulations for a patrolman to accept gifts, this instance was overlooked at headquarters because of the distinction Policeman Binks had achieved in his locality.

Binks was spying into a vacant lot when he observed the recumbent form of John Laverty of 4470 Dorchester avenue. Binks, having a youthful and keen olfactory sense, had no need to come within a hundred yards of Laverty to determine the cause of his unusual pose at ten o'clock of a summer's night in a vacant lot. Mr. Laverty had reached a state of near-ossification and was snoring a Wagnerian overture when the shocked policeman reached him.

Binks rapped Laverty gently on the shoulder and bade him rise and be off to his family. Laverty rose in sections and careered in semicircles until he came to another saloon. Binks waited until he came out. Then, thoroughly disgusted, he called the patrol wagon.

Binks was complimented. For Policeman Binks is only six years old, and this was his first arrest. Incidentally the reason there was no objection to the gift of a uniform is because George Braham, who gave it to him, is his father, and Binks is known in private life as George Braham, Jr.

Jag Starts Eight Riot Calls in Philadelphia

PHILADELPHIA.—Eight riot calls buzzed into the Twentieth and Federal streets station within the space of a minute and a half. "Boys, we're in for a big rumpus," Lieutenant Becker said, as he grabbed a telephone, asked city hall to please stand by to lend reinforcements, and then led his men in a rush to two patrol wagons.



In a twinkling, the wagons were filled and the horses were off in a mad dash to the place of carnage, Point Breeze avenue near Tasker street. It was, of course, a record run, and, likewise, the cops leaped from the patrols with drawn revolvers on reaching the scene of the crime. They found John Lockery in the gutter. His right eye needed attention, and they figured he'd be sober in the morning. But that was all.

"Where's the riot?" Lieutenant Becker demanded. "Lockery was until a few minutes ago," a bystander volunteered. Then the two wagonloads of cops got an earful of neighborhood gossip, which, the neighbors thought strange, only made them all the madder. Lockery had returned home obsessed with the thought that the welfare of the nation depended on his righting certain things that seemed to be wrong.

As he proceeded with his program, the family became convinced that the welfare of the home depended on Mr. Lockery's being ousted. So they ousted him, but not without the whole neighborhood knowing it. Timid souls, to the number of eight, thought murder was being committed, and eight excited voices at eight telephones sent in eight riot calls.

Kitten Halted Traffic, but Man's Bark Worked

MINNEAPOLIS.—Cuddled as complacently under the trucks as though she were stretched out on a pillow, a kitten crawled under a 1 a. m. Kenwood street car as it stopped at Hennepin and Douglas avenues, and risked its nine lives on a feminine refusal to be coaxed forth. Traffic came to a halt. The tie-up was as effective as if a dinosaur had sat down on the tracks.



One man, an austere individual with a practical purpose and an umbrella, made a jab with his shower stick, while remarking urgently, "Scat, you Kilkenny cut-up!"

His thrust fell short, and the kitten sparred playfully with the umbrella tip, to the indignation of the swordsman. Various expedients were tried. The intruder was unmoved by kind words or harsh terms uttered under the brakebeams. Then a small man thrust himself to the forefront.

"Ventriloquism is more or less a decadent parlor art in these days of the talking machine," he remarked, "but it may still be useful outdoors. My next imitation, ladies and gentlemen," he announced, in a burlesque of the stage style, "will be that of Towser, the relentless rathound."

He leaned forward and emitted a series of short, sharp barks, like those coming from an eager small dog. Each bark was a challenge to combat. The kitten bristled from whiskers to tail. It spat, bared its claws and squared off. Then its courage failed. The kitten that had defied death under the street car, quailed before the imaginary small dog. It fled. Then the passengers and crew climbed aboard, and the trip was resumed.

Gotham Girl Eats Peaches as Burglars Threaten

NEW YORK.—The courage and coolness of Mrs. Louise Seid, nineteen-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Barnet Kaminowitz of 23 Osborn street, East New York, saved her parents nearly \$2,000. For twenty minutes she sat in the dining room of her parents' home while three burglars tried to force her to tell the combination of the safe in which were diamonds and silverware valued at \$2,500 and \$380 in cash. She refused, although one of them held a sharp chisel at her throat and threatened to kill her.



The thieves, who are believed to have watched for an opportunity from a flat in the rear which they rented, entered the house after Mrs. Seid and her mother went out shopping about nine o'clock. They were slow in robbing the place and when the two women returned an hour later Mrs. Seid found them still preparing to blow on the door of the safe. Mrs. Kaminowitz stood outside talking to a friend.

For twenty minutes the three thieves tried to get the combination, fearing to use the explosive and alarm the women outside. All the while Mrs. Seid sat eating peaches, which she had brought in. She even offered some to the burglars. At last the robbers heard the "good-bys" of the women on the porch and fled. One of them stopped as he passed out and patted the girl on the shoulder.

"You're a brave girl," he told her. Then the three walked past the unsuspecting Mrs. Kaminowitz and her friend and escaped. They were not caught.

IN CANNING SEASON

SECRET OF SUCCESS IN "PUTTING UP" SUPPLIES.

Absolute Sterilization Must Be Obtained—Best and Easiest Methods of Getting the Best Results From Fruit That Is Used.

If anybody appreciates the kindness of Mother Nature it is the practical housekeeper. This is especially true in summertime when by her bountiful store of fruits and vegetables she increases the housekeeper's store at little cost and contributes much to reduce her labor.

There are several methods of canning, and the secret of success in each is absolute sterilization. The best and easiest methods of canning are cooking the fruits in jars in an oven; cooking the fruits in jars in a steamer or in boiling water, and stewing the fruit before it is put into the jars.

Glass is the most satisfactory jar to use in canning. Glass jars are becoming so universally in favor that they are taking the place of tin cans for everything; even for tomatoes. They are more economical than tin, for although the glass costs more in the beginning, it lasts and can be used over and over again. While there are many kinds of jars, the preference should usually be given to those with wide mouths. In canning fruits or jelly it is important that the fruits or berries should not be over-ripe. Fruit for canning should be fresh, solid and not over-ripe. If over-ripe some of the spores may survive the boiling and fermentation takes place in a short time. In preparing the fruit remove all stems, then peel with a silver knife, core or remove the seeds or pits as the case may be. Peaches, pears or apples may be kept from discoloring if they are dropped as they are pared into cold water to which a little vinegar or lemon juice may be added.

Canned Pears.—Twenty-four Bartlett pears, eight cupfuls water, two cupfuls sugar.

Bartlett pears are the best for canning. Put the water and sugar into a preserving kettle. Let the sirup come to boiling point and skim off the froth if any rises. While the sirup is heating carefully halve, peel and core the pears, being careful not to use those that are over-ripe or imperfectly shaped.

Drop pieces into a basin of cold water until all are pared. Put the halved pears into the boiling sirup, but do not stir. Take a large roasting pan with handles and place in it as many sterilized canning jars as it will hold. Pour some tepid water in the pan to a depth of about two inches, and place the pan on the side of the stove. The water will get hot and keep the jars warm. Sterilize the rubber rings and covers. By this time the fruit will be boiling. When the pears commence to lose their hard whiteness they are ready to take off. Lift out pieces separately with a spoon and put them into the hot jars. Fill jars and cover with the sirup; fill even with the top, put the rings and covers on and screw tight.

Stale Bread Fritters.

Cut the bread in slices, about a third of an inch thick, fry in fat, from which a faint bluish smoke is rising, and when each piece is fried on one side turn it over and spread the browned side with marmalade or jam. When cooked, lift out and sprinkle with caster sugar mixed with a little cinnamon.

Fruit Fluff.

To every pint of chopped peach, banana or pineapple allow one pint of water, six eggs and one pound of sugar; beat eggs until light, then add other ingredients and cook until thick as custard. Strain, set dish in pan of cold water and beat until cold. Freeze and serve with a sirup like a sundae.

For Cream Dressings.

All white or cream dressings are made by blending the butter with the flour, then stirring it rapidly into the boiling milk. Use white pepper when making the dressing and boil it in a double boiler. Keep it warm, and thin with cream if too stiff when done, or fold in the white of egg, whipped to a stiff froth.

A teaspoonful of vinegar to a quart of flour if added with the ice water gives the much-desired flaky appearance to fruit pies.

Mint Cup.

Into a bowl pour a quart of claret and a bottle of soda water, a wine glassful of curacao and enough sugar to sweeten. Add a handful of picked and bruised mint leaves and two pounds of crushed ice. Stir briskly and serve.

Chocolate Rice.

One cupful of rice boiled until tender. Make a sirup of one cupful sugar, one square chocolate; pour over rice and stir. Put in a mold to cool and serve with whipped cream.

MOVING DAY AND ITS WOES

Mental and Physical Impressions That Are Caused by Leaving Old Home.

The moving of one's household effects entails an amount of physical labor which leaves the mind in such a condition that there is little desire to reflect on the process in the abstract. But it may be that this exhaustion which accompanies moving, which in some cases amounts to a painful resignation of the functions of the senses, is about as much mental as physical. To live in a house for any length of time at all is to like it, says a writer in the Indianapolis News. The plumbing may not suit, the roof may leak, the cellar may be a sodden retreat for unwelcome guests whom neither poisonous powder nor traps will exterminate, the floors may be hopeless and the whole aspect of the place may be repugnant, but when it comes down to the actual departure the fact that, in spite of its deficiencies, the place was really a home looms larger than the faults. If a house is not a home, neither is furniture, but somehow the two of them taken together seem to approximate a home. They need only a few deft touches by an experienced hand, and the presence of an interested person or two to enable them to perform their function in the world.

But when the furniture is taken from a house it becomes a pitiable thing, indeed. It stands a mere hulk, interfering with the free play of the winds, robbing the earth beneath of its natural right to nourish vegetation, and becoming after a few short days of idleness, the home of spiders, "For Rent" signs and a general air of mystery. When a man falls into disgrace he can hide until he finds an opportunity to re-establish himself among his kind, but there is no chance for a house to raze itself, and then come back at the behest of some tired house hunter who may overlook its defects and consent to give it a trial in the hope that it will redeem itself. It must stand among its kind with its story written across its face. The fault may not be its own, for people must move against their will.

So when the furniture is taken from the house this is the fate it may meet and even though the prospect of abandoning it seems dreary, the art does not. Thus the beginning of moving day is a time of leave taking and therefore a time of regrets, and at the time does the old house seem so desirable as when the furniture is revealed stacked promiscuously about the new house. The circumstances that the mover is doing his part to restore the old house to its place in the world might serve to mitigate the first disappointment, but the old house is a stranger; its faults are more liberate and malicious, while the faults of the old house were familiar and therefore, not faults, but only amiable defects in its character. But in time the moving is accomplished. The things which looked bad in the only corner which would accommodate it now looks passing fair; the dining room windows stick, but that is a fault windows have; the back porch is so narrow, but it will have to do for a week or two the new house has become old, and moving day is but memory.

One Way to Economize.

"Less meat" is the cry of many economists; and some gay statisticians has calculated that if we each ate only four beef-steaks a month there would be no shortage. But, if it were meat once a day, why not call it the horses? (You cannot eat more cars!) There is still a club in Paris reminiscent of the siege days of 1870, which dines complacently upon horse-meat. And it needs but a decent cook to give the horse his splendid separator at the human dinner-table.—Westminster Gazette.

His Success.

"How's he succeeding as a reformer?"

"Great. He's got the whole neighborhood feeling miserable about their pleasures."

Prohibition Order.

"No wet goods at all to be obtained in this town, sir."

"Then could I get something extra dry?"



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